PASQVILS IESTS:

WITH

THE MERRIMENTS OF

Mother Bunch,

Wittie, pleasant, and delightfull.

LONDON,
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XUM

Read the Epistle,
or reade no-
thing.

TO THE MERRY READER.

The deſcription of Paſquil *and* Mother Bunch.

Moſt pleaſant Reader, my onely ayme in writing this Booke, is but to make thee laugh, and to ſhorten the tediouſneſſe of a long winters Euening. Know then, that noble *Paſquil*, the Author of theſe Ieſts, was in his time, the onely merry companion, who for Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Iouialty, was the merrieſt Grigg, (as ſaith the Story) that I euer read of. Now for *Mother Bunch*, the onely dainty, welfauoured, well proportioned, ſweet complexioned, and moſt delightfull Hoſteſſe of *England*, ſhe was ſquared into inches, being in height twelue thouſand and a halfe, wanting a fingers bredth iump, in bredth a eleuen thouſand, and two inches, and a nayles bredth iuſt; ſhe ſpent moſt of her time in telling of tales, and when ſhe laughed, ſhe was heard from Algate, to the Monuments at Weſtminſter, and all Southwarke ſtood in amazement, the Lyons in the Tower, and the Bulls, and Beares of Parriſh-garden roard (with terrour of her laughter) lowder then the great roaring Megge, ſhe was once wrung with winde in her belly, and with one blaſt of her tayle, ſhee blew downe Charing-croſſe, with Pauls aſpiring ſteeple. She danced a Galliard on Tower-hill,

and all the great ordinance leapt for ioy, and London ſhooke as it had beene an earthquake; Her quotidian, or dayly diet, was three fat Oxen, two boyled and one roaſted, with the Intralls, twenty three fat muttons, and a quarter, with the Heads and Gethers parboyld, fifteene doozen of fat Capons, with the wings, and legs of ſeuen doozen of young Chickens, and to cloaſe vp her ſtomack, ninety and nine doozen of Larkes well roaſted, and forty ſeuen doozen of twopenny wheaten bread, and to euery loafe ſhe dranke a tun of her ſtrongeſt May ale, with nutmeg and ſugar. Yet ſhe neuer did riſe from the table (as ſayth the ſtory) but with a good appetite, for her ſigne ſhe perkt vp her red noſe, that vſhered her face, red as ſcarlet, which when ſhe ſtood vpright, looking ouer the city like a blazing ſtarre, And when it appeared Bakers made haſt, and Cookes came running, with whole Ouens full of pies, to bake at the ſweltring heat which proceeded from her iolly red-noſe. A moſt pretious and rich noſe it was, ſet with Rubies of all ſorts, and hung in cluſters like your French grapes, which being well preſt yeelded from the abundant goodneſſe fiue tunne of well clarified liquor; Shee dwelt (as ſayth the Authour) in Cornehill (neere the Exchange) and ſold ſtrong-ale, whoſe health to this day all Iouiall drunkards, neuer doe forget, the many vertues of her Ale is impoſſible for one penne to write, the Dutch-men, were her beſt cuſtomers for a long time, vntill the report of her Ale, had ſpred it ſelfe all *England* ouer. Young men, and Maydes frequented her houſe more then either *Pymlico*, or the now-flouriſhing *Totnam-court*.

She rayſed the ſpirits of her ſpickot, to ſuch a height, that maides grew proude, and many proued with childe after it, and being asked who got the childe, they

anſwered

anſwered they knew not, onely they thought *Mother Bunches* Ale, and another thing had done the deede, but whoſoeuer was the father, *Mother Bunches* Ale had all the blame.

Shee was an excellent companion, and ſociable, ſhee was very pleaſant and witty, and would tell a tale, let a fart, drinke her draught, ſcratch her arſe, pay her groat, as well as any Chymiſt of ale whatſoeuer. From this noble *Mother Bunch* proceeded all our great greaſie Tapſters, and fat ſwelling Ale-wiues, whoſe faces are blowne as bigge as the froth of their Bottle-ale, and their complexion imitating the out-ſide of a Cookes greaſie drippingpan, and you could hardly goe round about her in a Summers after-noone. *Mother Bunch* liued one hundreth ſeuenty and fiue yeares, two dayes and a quarter and halfe a minute, and died in the prime of her charity, for had ſhe liued but two monthes longer, ſhe had knit Powles a night-cappe, and bought London-bridge a payre of pantoffles to keepe his feete out of the cold ſwelling water. But ſhe died, and left behinde her theſe pleaſant tales following, which ſhe vſed to tell thoſe nimble ſpirits, which dranke deepe of her Ale, and as ſhe changed their money was generally related.

THeſe harmeleſſe lines that haue no ill intent,
I hope ſhall paſſe in mirth as they were meant:
What I intend, is but to make you ſport,
By telling truth to pleaſe the miſer ſort:
And what it is, that I haue aym'd at now,
The Wiſe may judge, for Fooles I care not, how.

Pasquils Ieasts, and Mother Bunches *Merriments.*

The Connicatcher and Priest of Paris.

A Lewd knaue, a Cheater, espied a wealthy Priest, whose purse was full of money, lately arriued in the Citty of Paris out of the Countrey, to buy necessaries, and with a bold face saluted him Requesting his ayde in a small matter, concerning a man of his owne calling. Whats that (quoth the Priest?) It is sir (quoth he) this, The Parson of our towne hath giuen me money to buy him a faire Surplesse, and I hauing small knowledge in it, would request your ayde in the choyce of a good one making no question of your good skill. With all my heart (quoth the Priest.) Comming to the shop of sale, the Connycatcher called for some choyce of Surplesses, and desired the Priest to choose out one of the best. Which done, intreated him to assay it, whether it were in all points as it ought to be. The Priest was nimble at this game, for it was his dayly exercise, but the Cheater found fault with the making, bearing out such an vncomely bulke at his right side. Oh (quoth the Priest) my girdle and pouch is cause of that, and immediately loosed his girdle and pouch, willing the Connicatcher to hold it, till he had better girted vp the Surplesse, as it ought to be. The Connicatcher hauing as much as he desired, suddenly leapt out of the shoppe, and ranne away as fast as he could with the Priests girdle, and pouch full of money. The Priest turning about, and seeing his purse and money flying for religion, made all the haste he could in the Surplesse, after the Connicatcher, crying, and calling, Hold the Thæfe, hold the thæfe, The Connicat-

cher

cher cryed out, Hold the Priest, for he is mad, and will kill me, the Shopkéeper followed as fast as he could, and cryed, Stop the Priest, for he hath stolne my surplesse. The people halfe amazed at this accident, laid hold on the Priest, but before he could declare his misfortune, the Connicatcher was gone far enough, not to be caught againe in haste. Which caused much good laughter, and the Priest payed for the surplesse.

The dumbe wife recouered her speech.

A Certaine Farmer had taken to wife a dumbe woman, and hearing of a great Magician lately comne into England, he tooke horse and rode to him, and demanded if there were no help for a woman that had lost her speech. The Magician answered, Yes, it is an easie matter, and told him he must take an Aspen leafe, and lay it vnder her tongue, and it would instantly help her. The Farmer was ioyed with this tydings, and returned in all haste homewards, suspecting in himselfe the vertue of his new receit, and therefore to make the matter more sure, he tooke three Aspen leaues, and laid them all three vnder his wiues tongue, who immediately began to talke and prate very nimbly, and in the end vpon a very small occasion to curse and raile downright vpon her husband as if she had beene mad. The Farmer was now in a pecke of troubles, and poasted in all hast to the Magician, certifying him of this vnhappy accident. The Magician demanded if hée absolutely followed his counsel. The Farmer answered, No, for (quoth he) instead of one leafe, I haue vsed three, hoping to make the matter surer. Marry then God helpe thée (quoth the Magician) for it is an easie matter to make a woman speake, but to make her hold her tongue is past my cunning. May all the deuils in hell could neuer worke such a wonder Whereat the Farmer much grieued, departed.

Mother Bunches merriments.

A knacke for a Cooke.

MY ſelfe was once in Noremberg in Germany, where an old man having his dyet in the houſe where I lay, and comming into the kitchin, the maid complained of a great miſchance. I asked her what it was: Oh (quoth ſhe) my maſter and miſtreſſe will beate me cruelly, for my furmety is all burnt too. The old man ſitting by the fire, and hearing the maides complaint, asked her what ſhe would giue him, and he would teach her a trick to alter the taſte of being burnt too, and with no coſt. I will giue you (quoth ſhe) two pots of good liquour, Content (quoth the old man) ſend for it preſently, the wench ran in all haſte and fetcht it: the old man began to drinke a hearty draught, and gaue me alſo. Now (quoth he) your furmety taſteth of being burnt too, to alter that, take vp your cloathes and ſhite in the pot, and Ile warrant you it ſhall taſte more of that then of burning too. The wench had a peſtilent wit, and replied baſhfully, I pray (quoth ſhe) doe not tell any body, that you haue thus deceiued me, for then I ſhall bee laughed to ſcorne. Marry then (quoth the old man) you muſt giue me another pot of beere for ſecreſie. With all my heart (quoth the wench) and tooke the pot and ranne into the Celler againe, and piſt in it, bringing it to the old man: Hee (good old penny father) was glad of his liquor, and beganne to drinke againe, but hauing taſted it, Sbood you whore (quoth he) this is no beere, thou haſt piſt in the pot. True (quoth ſhe) if you can diſgeſt ſhitten furmety, piſt liquor can neuer hurt you. The Wench was well pleaſed, the old man was angry, and my ſelfe ready to burſt with laughter.

The drunken Dutchman.

A Dutchman liuing in Paris, hauing drunke more in one day then he had bled in twenty, was walking to his lodging late in the euening, from the Tauerne. By chance a maid (intending to empty the chamberpot) eryes out at the window

Garde leu (that is) beware the wine, (as the cuſtome of the Citie is) the man amazed to heare ſo ſhrill a voice ſo late in the euening, ſtands ſtill and puts off his hat, and liſtned for the voice againe vnderneath her chamber windowe, ſhe emptying her pot iuſt vpon his head, he not dreaming of any thing but the wine, rubs it off his head with his hand, and with ſomewhat elſe which was in the pot, all beſmeares his head, face, and beard. At laſt ſmelling himſelfe to ſtinke intollerably, the Deuill take thee for a queane (quoth he) you bad me take heed of the Ale pot, but here is more then halfe the toſte. Which moued much laughter in the mayd.

The Tanner and a Butchers dogge.

A Country Tanner that was running haſtily through Eaſtcheape, and hauing a long pike-ſtaffe on his ſhoulder, one of the Butchers dogs caught him by the breech. The fellow got looſe, and ranne his pike into the Dogs throat, and killed him. The Butcher ſeeing that his Dog was killd, tooke hold of the Tanner, and carried him before the Deputy, who asked him, What reaſon hee had to kill the Dog? For mine owne defence (quoth the Tanner.) Why, quoth the Deputy, hadſt thou no other defence but preſent death? Sir (quoth the Tanner) London faſhions are not like the Countries, for here the ſtones are faſt in the ſtreets, and the Dogs are looſe, but in the Countrie, the Dogs are faſt tied, and the ſtones are looſe to throw at them; and what ſhould a man do in this extremity, but vſe his ſtaffe for his owne defence? Marry (quoth the Deputy) if a man will needs vſe his ſtaffe, he might vſe his blunt end, and not the ſharpe pike. True maſter Deputy, quoth the Tanner, but you muſt conſider, if the dog had vſed his blunt end, and run his taile at me, then had there beene good reaſon for mee to doe the like: but I vow maſter Deputy, the Dog ranne ſharpe at me, and faſtned his teeth in my breech, and I againe ranne ſharpe at him, and thruſt my pike into his belly. By my faith a crafty knaue, quoth the Deputy, if you will both ſtand

ſtand to my verdict, ſend for a quart of wine, be friends, and ſo you are both diſcharged.

The Fooles horſe muſt goe on foot.

THe Duke of Sarons Foole rode once behinde a Gentleman in progreſſe, and chancing to let a fart, the Gentleman thruſt him downe backwards, and beganne to curſe, and ſaid, You damnd rogue, all farters muſt goe on foot by act of parliament. The foole ſaid nothing but got another horſe, and rode alone: it happened that that Horſe beganne to fart alſo. The Foole ſkipt quickly from his backe and vnbridled and vnſadled him, and ſet both ſaddle and bridle vpon his owne head, driuing the horſe before him with a ſticke, and beganne to curſe the horſe, ſaying You damnd Rogues, all farters muſt goe on foot by act of Parliament. Which his neighbours ſeeing, heartily laughed.

A tale of a Scriuener of London and a Coun.ryman.

IT fell vpon a Saturday, being market day, that a Country fellow of a nimble wit and of the better ſort of husbandry, came to London, to lay out a little money vpon ſome neceſſary trinkets: and hauing diſpatched his buſineſſe, after hee had prettily refreſhed his ſpirits with a pot of the ſtrongeſt Ale that the Alehouſe could afford him, made homeward very merrily; but by the way caſting his eye by chance vpon a kinde of writers, that would haue beene a Scriueners ſhop, and ſeeing the maſter of the poore houſe or the poore maſter of the houſe ſitting alone in a rug gown, wrapping in his armes, to auoid the bitternelle of the weather minding to make himſelfe a little ſport, fel thus to ſalute the poore Pen-man: I pray you, maſter, what might you ſell in your ſhop, that you haue ſo many ding-dongs hang at your noſe? Why, my friend, (quoth the Obligation

maker). I sell nothing but Logger-heads. By my fay master, quoth the Countryman, you haue made a faire market with them, for you haue left none in your shop, but your selfe that I see: and so laughing, went his way, leauing much sport to them that heard him.

A witty answer of a Country fellow.

Another Country fellow, walking London streets, and gazing vp and downe at euery sight he saw, some mockt him, others pulled him by the cloake, in so much he could not passe in quiet, he hauing as much wit as the boyes knauery, thought he would requite them for their kinde salutations, with something to laugh at, and to try their wits, and comming to Pauls gate, where they sell pinnes and needles, the boyes being very saucy, pulled him by the cloake, and one said, what lacke you friend? another, what lacke you Countryman? Quoth the fellow, minding to make himselfe some sport, I want a hood for a Humble-Bee, or a payre of Spectacles for a blinde Beare: which so amazed the boy, that he had nothing to reply, and the Countryman went laughing away.

A pretty tale of a poore man and a Lawyer.

A Poore man hauing beene much iniured by an vnkinde neighbour, who by the power of his purse would haue put him by the right of his land, went to a Lawyer dwelling not farre off, to whom hauing deliuered his griefs, hee gaue the Lawyer little for his counsell, but a great many thankes, and country curtsies, with God saue your life, and so forth: entreating him to let him know when he should come againe, and wait vpon him for his further aduice. Who answered him somewhat short, When you will, neighbour, when you will. The poore man, vpon this (when you will) came oftentimes afterward to him, but found no will in the Lawyer to speake with him. Whereupon the poore man telling his wife of his ill hap, was

was aduiſed by her to take one of his beſt Lambs, and preſent it vnto him, and then he ſhould ſee what would follow: her counſell he allowed, tooke his lamb, & went to the Lawyer: to whoſe gate he was no ſooner come, but the Lawyer hearing the bleating of his Lambe, opened his Window, called him vp, and in two words told him he vnderſtood his caſe, and all ſhould be well, wherewith he departed: meeting with his wife going to the market, after they had beene at the Alehouſe, and taken a pot or two of the ſtrongeſt liquor, the poore man got him vp into the market place: and there, hauing his throat well cleared, made this mad outcry: All ye that haue any matters to try in law, get ye euery one a fat lamb, and carry to your Lawyer: for one word of a Lambes mouth will bee better vnderſtood of the Lawyer, and doe more good, then twenty of your owne, and he had rather haue one eleuen ſhillings peece, then all the Angells in heauen.

Of a Citizen of London, that had a ſtinging Horſe.

A Citizen riding to Edmonton, had his man attending him on foot, who came ſo neere, that the horſe ſaluted him with a great blow on the thigh. The fellow thinking to bee reuenged, tooke vp a great ſtone to throw at the horſe, and hit by chance his maſter on the reines of the backe. Within a while his maſter looked backe, and ſeeing his man came halting ſo far behinde, chid him, ſaying, Thou lazie knaue, why commeſt thou no faſter? Sir (quoth his man) your horſe hath giuen me ſuch a blow on the thigh, that I can goe no faſter. Truly, ſaid his maſter, the horſe is a great kicker, for likewiſe with his heele right now, he gaue mee a great ſtroake on the reines of my backe: when indeed it was his man that threw the ſtone, and came laughing behinde his maſter.

Of the Country man that caught a Cutpurse.

IT chanced on a Bartholmew day, when men kéepe boothes in Smithfield, a country Gentleman hauing some store of money (and no lesse honesty) about him, comming to the Faire, would amongst the rest needs view the pictures at that time hanging in the Cloysters, where was then much variety of pastures, personages, stories, landskips, and such like, which carieth away the Senses to a kinde of admiration for the present: and as he was thus gazing vp and downe, there comes a nimble diuer (as at that time there resorte many) and closes with him, and quickly drawes his purse forth of his pocket, and away he hyes him presently: the Gentleman mist his purse, but knew not how to helpe himselfe: Going home to his lodging, and pondering in his minde how either to regaine his losses, or to bee reuenged on the Pickpocket, at length he bethought himselfe of this deuice; hee caused an honest Taylor to sew a certaine number of Fish-hookes within, and round about the mouth of his pocket, with the points of the hookes hanging downeward, and the next day hies him to the same place, in an other Country-like habit, and baites his pocket with more money, and there he stood gazing againe at the pictures, presently his former fish (or one of his fraternity closes with him againe and diues, which the Gentleman being watchfull of, giues a slip aside, and had presently strucke the nibling fish into the hand, and féeling him fast, beginnes to goe away, and the more hee hastes away, the déeper the hookes went into the Diuers hand, oh (quoth the pickpocket) how now Sir (quoth the Gentleman) what makes your hand in my pocket? pull it out I say: oh sir (quoth he) I beseech you be good to me; then people gathering together, imagined the gentleman had an inchanted pocket, and that the fellow had not power to pull forth his hand againe, they would haue him before a Iustice, no (quoth the Gentleman) Ile carry him my selfe, so away he went (with the fellowes hand in his pocket) to a Tauerne, with two or three of his

his friends, and told him what he had loſt there the day before, and vnleſſe hee would reſtore, he would haue him before a Iuſtice, which match the fellow for feare of hanging willingly condeſcended to ſurrender. And that ten pound and ten ſhillings more towards the mending of his pocket, ſo the Gentleman being well ſatisfied ript forth his pocket, and away went the Cutpurſe, who had ſo much picking worke to get out of his hands, he could not vſe his trade for a month after.

How cunningly a Knaue deuiſed to get money by his wit, for himſelfe and his three companions.

THree loytring companions that fell in company together, demmnered and ſwaggered ſo long, that all their money was quite conſumed and gone. So being pennileſſe, and hauing little or no credit left, one of them ſaid, By my faith, wee are now in a faire taking: for we may, if we pleaſe, ſeeke our dinners with Duke Humphrey. Nay, ſounds (quoth the ſecond) if I come where any preſſe of people bee, I can get money enough for vs all. Sblood, and I (quoth the third) can eaſily aſſemble people. They were at that time not much aboue two miles from a ſmall Towne in Barkſhire, where, when as thither they came, there was a new Pillory newly ſet vp, which the third of them ſeeing, ſteps to the Bayliffe, and deſires him to haue the mayden-head of their new Pillory. The Bailiffe being a Butcher, was halfe amazed, and ſtanding a while muſing, at the laſt he asked counſell of his honeſt neighbours, and they bade him ſet vp the knaue and ſpare not. So he makes no more adoe, but vp he went, and when he was vp, he looked about, and ſaw his two fellow cheaters buſie with their hands in the holes of the Butchers aprons, where they put all their money. To it to it (quoth he) apace. The people laughed heartily to ſee him ſtand there. At laſt, when he ſaw that his fellowes had ſped their matters, and were going away he ſaid to the Bailiffe, Turne the Pillory about, and now I

will

well come downe. So he laughing heartily, did. And when hee was come downe, the Bailiffe ſaid, Now by my faith thou art a good fellow, and becauſe thou haſt made vs ſome ſport, I will giue thée a Teſter to drinke: and ſo thinking to take ſome money out of the hole of his apron, hee found there neuer a penny. Cockes armes (quoth the Bailiffe) my money is picked out of my apron: and then the reſt of the Butchers beſides ſware they had loſt theirs alſo. I hope (quoth the fellow) you doe not thinke that I haue it. No by my troth (quoth the Bailiffe) I know well enough thou haſt it not: for thou wert on the Pillorie all the while. Why, then no harme, for I did it to make you merrie (quoth the fellow) and ſo went his waies.

A Milke-maides anſwer to a ſcoffing Companion.

A ſcoffing companion walking into the fields ouertooke a handſome Milke-mayd going a milking being bare legd (as in the Country ſome vſe to goe) hee thus ſaluted, Faire mayd how long haue you worne thoſe ſtockings? Sir (quoth ſhee) theſe ſtockings and a paire of breeches of the ſame, I haue worne this three and twenty yeares, and haue but one hole in them, which you may put your noſe in. And ſo ſhe departed laughing.

A merry anſwer to a merry queſtion.

A Merrie Companion going through the ſtréets of London, eſpyed by chance a handſome Laſſe going before him, and with one hand ſhe held vp her cloathes behinde, to kéepe them from the durt, it being in the middle of winter, which hee noting kept to her, and thus ſaluted, Sicker, will you let a Leaſe of your tayle, you haue it in your owne hand: I Sir (quoth ſhe) if your noſe will turne tenant. At which wittie anſwer hee laughing departed.

How

Mother Bunches merriments.

How an Vsurer lost ten pounds.

AN old Vsurer, being a notable fornicator, and keeping a pretty handsome wench to bee his Valentine, had in their familiarity lent her ten pounds, and after falling out with her, he demanded his ten pounds againe, which she denied, he bringing her before a Judge, who asked her if she had not borrowed ten pounds of this man? No and shall please your Lordship, quoth she. Doe you deny that you had tenne pounds of him? No my good Lord (quoth she) I had ten pounds of him, but he gaue it me. For what (quoth the Judge?) For kissing and feeling (quoth she.) Kissing and feeling (quoth the Judge) whats that? My Lord (quoth she) he kist my (Arse) and felt my Elbow. At which the Judge heartily laughed, and the Vsurer lost his ten pounds.

The witty reply of a Sergeant.

IN the famous City of London (in the reigne of William Rufus,) a Sergeant of the Mace kneeling before the then Lord Mayor, to haue a certaine Bill assigned with his Lordships hand, and kneeling somewhat long, being much troubled with the Windcollicke which rumbled in his belly in so much, that he let a great fart, that all the Hall sounded with the loud noyse thereof. Another standing by, being much troubled with the same disease, & hearing what had past from the Sergeant, said, Why groane you, my friend? the Mayor hearing the busines, said with a smiling countenance, I never knew vntill this day a Sergeant had authority to let goe a prisoner, and it is against the law: Good my Lord (quoth the Sergeant) he was a troublesome knaue, and crept thorow the key hole, and necessity hath no law; which made much good laughter.

A knauiſh anſwer of an vnhappy Country wench, to a fooliſh yong fellow.

A Certaine idle headed yong man, that loued to heare himſelfe prate, though it were of matter to little purpoſe, vpon a faire day riding to a market towne, ouertook by chance, among other creatures of her owne kinde, an indifferent well-fauoured and well growne Country wench, whom ſingling by her ſelfe as much as he could, he fell to diſcourſing with, in an odde manner of lone-making, when beginning very low, marking her new chod fæt hanging ouer her doſſers, beganne with this commendation: Truly Sifter, you haue a very fine foot there. Yea ſir, (quoth the wench) that I haue a couple. The yong man thinking to ſhew ſome little wit, in a ſcoffe replyed with this ſpeech: But are they Twins, Sifter? Were they both borne at one time? No indéed ſir (quoth the woman) there hath béene a man borne betwixt them. Wherewith her neighbours that rode by her, falling into a laughter, made him finde, that ſhe was a maried wife: and he galloped away with a flea in her eare.

A flowting anſwer to a ſcoffing queſtion.

A Poore man, vpon a time comming into a Market with a very leane horſe, ſetting him néere vnto a company of fat and faire Geldings to be ſold, was asked of a ſcoffing companion, how he ſold his horſe by the ell: which the poore man taking ſomething diſcontentedly, and yet not willing to quarrell with him, made him an anſwer fit for his queſtion: when holding vp his horſes taile, I pray you ſir (quoth he) come put your noſe into the ſhop, and you ſhall ſmell the price.

Of a Welchman, how he was ſerued by the Owle.

IN ancient times, I heard of a certaine Welchman that ſo-iourning all the day long with neuer a ragge of ſiluer, but re-léeued with the charity of well diſpoſed people, which in thoſe parts (being in the heat of Summer) was Butter-milke and Whay, and comming to his iournies end for that night, was lodged in a Barne for want of a Bed: the Butter-milke and Whay began to worke and rumble in his belly, ſo that he could not ſléepe nor take any reſt; but prayed to his Welch ſaint for his aid and helpe. In the morning looking vpward hée eſpyed by chance an Owle ſitting on a beame in his lodging chamber (namely the Barne) he preſently thought it had béene an an-gell ſent by ſaint Dauie to releéue his wants, cryed with open mouth to his angell, ſaying, One drop of thy mercy good Lord, but one drop I beſéech thée: preſently the Owle ſhit, which he caught in his mouth, who cryed againe, Enough good Lord, e-nough, it is ſomewhat bitter: I calld but for one drop, but thou haſt giuen me two ſpoonfulls. And ſo departed his lodging for that night.

An old Gentlewomans anſwer to a flowting Gentleman.

A Wild headed young Gallant, walking the ſtréets of Lon-don, met by chance an ancient Gentlewoman, in an old decayed gowne, that by age was worne thred bare, the Gallant thinking to breake a Ieſt with her, tooke vp the hem of her gar-ment and kiſt it; which ſhe looking backe eſpying, ſaid, I pray Sir what meane you by that? Oh (quoth he) to honour olde age: Alas Sir (replied ſhe) you might then haue kiſt my Arſe, it is elder then my gowne by forty yeares. And ſo ſhe departed laughing.

Of a woman that ſent a new ſuit of cloathes to Paradiſe.

A Poore man trauelling from doore to doore a begging, being lately come from Paris a City in France, being inuited by hunger to a good ſimple Country Swaines doore, to aske his almes: his wife asked him what he was, and from whence he came; quoth the fellow, from Paris. From Paradiſe (quoth ſhe) then thou knoweſt my old Iohn there (meaning her former husband,) I (quoth the fellow) that I doe. I pray thee, (quoth ſhe) how doth he doe? Faith (quoth the fellow) poore, he hath meat and drinke enough, but wants cloathes and money. Alas (quoth ſhe) I am ſorry for it, I pray thee ſtay a little, and running vp into her chamber, fetcht downe her husbands new ſute of cloathes, and fiue ſhillings in money, and gaue it to the fellow, ſaying, I pray thee remember me to my poore Iohn, and giue him this ſuit of cloathes, and fiue ſhillings from me, and wrapt them vp in a Fardle, which the fellow took, and away he went. Preſently her husband came home and found her very pleaſant and merry, ſinging vp and downe the houſe, which ſhe ſeldome vſed to do, & he asked her the cauſe. Oh husband (quoth ſhe) I haue heard from my old Iohn to day, he is in Paradiſe & is very well; but wants cloathes and money, but I faith I haue ſent him thy beſt ſuit, and fiue ſhillings in money. Her husband ſeeing ſhe was cozened, enquired of her which way the fellow went that had them. Yonder way (quoth ſhe) he preſently tooke his beſt horſe Hob, and rode after him for the cloathes. The fellow ſeeing one ride ſo faſt after him, threw the cloathes into a ditch, and went ſoftly forward: her husband ouertaking the fellow, ſaid, Didſt not ſee one goe this way with a little Fardell of cloathes at his backe. Yes (quoth the fellow) hee is newly gone into yonder little wood. Oh hold my horſe (quoth hee) whilſt I runne in and finde him out. I will (quoth the fellow) who preſently as ſoone as he was gone into the Wood, tooke vp his Fardell, leapt on horſe-backe, and away he went: The man returning for his horſe, his horſe was gone; then going

home to his wife, she asked him if hee ouertooke the fellow. I sweet heart (quoth he) and I haue lent him my best horse Hob to ride on, for it is a great long way to Paradise. I faith husband (quoth she) and I shall loue thée the better so long as I liue, for making so much of my old Iohn. Which caused much good laughter to all that heard it.

Of a worshipfull Gentleman in Lincolneshire, and his man.

A Certaine Gentleman in Lincolneshire, being also a Iustice of Peace, had an old seruant many yeares, called Adam Milford, who vpon a time came vnto his Master, and desired him, in regard he had béene his seruant so many yeares, he would now giue him something to helpe him in his old age. Thou saiest true (quoth his Master) and I will tell thée what I will doe: Now shortly I am to ride vp to London, if thou wilt pay my cost and charges by the way, I will giue thée ere long such a thing, as shall be worth to thée an hundred pounds. I am content (quoth Adam) and so payed for all their reckoning by the way. Being come to London, hee put his master in minde of his former promise that he had made to him. What did I promise thée any thing? Yes (quoth Adam) that you did: for you said, you would giue me that which should bee worth to me an hundred pounds, for bearing your charges to London. Let me sée your writing (quoth his master) I haue none (quoth Adam.) Then thou art like to haue nothing (quoth his master:) And learne this of me, that when thou makest a bargaine with any man, look thou take a Writing, and beware how thou makest a Writing to any man. This hath auailed me an hundred pounds in my dayes. When Adam saw there was no remedy, he was content: but when they should depart, Adam stayed behinde his master, to reckon with his Hostis; and on his masters Scarlet cloake borrowed so much money, as came to all their charges that he had laid out by the way. His master had not ridden past two miles, but it beganne to raine a pace: wherefore he called for his cloake. His other men made answer, that

Adam was behinde, and had it with him. So they throwded them vnder a tree, till Adam came. When he came, his master sayd all angerly, Thou knaue, come giue me my cloake: hast thou not serued me well, to let me bee thus wet? Truly Sir, (quoth Adam) I haue laid it to pawne for all your charges by the way. Why knaue, quoth he, didst thou not promise me to beare my charges to London? Did I, quoth Adam? I, quoth his master, that thou didst. Lets see, shew me your writing of it, quoth Adam. Whereupon his Master perceiuing he was ouer-reacht by his man, was faine to send for his cloake againe, and pay the mony.

How mad *Coomes*, when his wife was drowned, sought her against the streame.

COomes of Stapforth, hearing that his wife was drowned comming from market, went with certaine of his friends to see if they could finde her in the Riuer: he contrary to all the rest, sought his wife against the streame: which they perceiuing, said, he lookt the wrong way. And why so (quoth he?) Because (quoth they) you should looke downe the streame, and not against it. Nay, Zounds (quoth he) I shall neuer find her that way: for thee did all things so contrary in her life time, that now she is dead, I am sure she will go against the streame.

Of the Farmer in Norfolke, and his Physitian.

A Certaine rich Farmer hauing laine long sick in Norfolke, at last sent for a Physitian from the next market towne: who when he came, he felt his pulses, and viewed his water, and then told them, that he could by no meanes, nor Physick escape, the disease had so much power in his body, and so went his way. Within a while after by Gods good helpe, (who is the onely giuer of all health) the man escaped, and was well againe, and walking abroad, being still very weake and feeble, he met with his Physitian, who being very sore afraid to see him,

him, asked him, if he were not such a Farmer? Yet truely (quoth he) I am Art thou alive or dead (quoth he?) Dead (quoth he) I am: & because I haue experience of many things, God hath sent me to take vp all Phisicians I can get: which made the Phisician quiuer and quake and looke as pale as ashes, for feare. Nay, feare not (quoth the Farmer) though I named all Phisicians, yet I meant thee for none: for I am sure a verier dunce liues not this day, than thou art: and then I should be a foole to take thee for one, that art more fit to giue dogs physick then men: and so he left him: but the Physitian neuer left quaking, till he was out of his Patients sight.

How merry *Andrew* of Manchester serued a man that would haue put him downe in his merry sayings.

ANdrew once was at supper with his friends, & among the company there was one that flouted at his iests and merry conceits. After supper they fell to reasoning among themselues which was the most reuerent part of mans body. One sayd, the eye: another, the nose: a third sayd, the leg: but Andrew knowing that he that spited him, would name the contrary, said, The mouth was most reuerent of all. Nay (quoth the other) the part that we sit on is the most reuerent: and because they all maruelled why he should say so, he made this reason: That he was most honourable, that was first set, and the part that he named was first set. Which saying contented them all, and grieued Andrew. The next day they all met againe, and Andrew comming last, found them sitting all together. And when he had saluted them all, but his enemy, he turned his backside to him, and let a great fart in his face. At which the fellow being mightily angry, said, Malke knaue, with a mischiefe, where hast thou beene brought up? Why art thou angry (quoth Andrew?) If I had saluted thee with my mouth, thou wouldest haue saluted me againe: and now when I salute thee with my arse, that by thy owne saying is most honourable, thou callest me knaue. Then the company fell a laughing at this Iest heartily.

The

The Anſwer of Mother Bunch to a Promooter.

MOther Bunch, keeping an Alehouſe in Cornehill London, had great cuſtome, and got much money, for which ſome of her neighbours ennied her happineſſe, and amongſt the reſt, one enuious neighbor ſeeing her buy much meat againſt Lent, knowing it ſtrictly forbidden, and of all the reſt tooke moſt notice of two legs of Porke which ſhee bought. And about the midle of Lent cauſed the Conſtable with a Promooter to ſearch her houſe, and in ſearching they found none. Oh (quoth her neighbour) you haue two legs of Porke in your houſe, which we muſt haue. Indeed (quoth Mother Bunch) I haue two legs of Pork, but I am loath to loſe them, they coſt me deare, which made the Promooter more earneſt then before, and hee would haue them before he went. Then (quoth ſhe) come downe into the Celler, and I will ſhew you them: who comming downe, ſhe tooke vp her cloathes behind, and laid her hand on her tayle, ſaying to the Promooter, Theſe bee the two legs of Porke, come ſmell if they will keepe while Eaſter. At which the Promooter was inwardly vexed, but could not tell which way to helpe himſelfe, and in great rage departed.

Of a Doctor and his man.

A Doctor that was newly commenſt at Cambridge, charged his ſeruant, that he ſhould not ſay any thing, but what hee ſhould aske of him. Within a while after, hee inuited diuers of his friends to dinner, and ſent his man to deſire another Doctor to come and dine with him. The fellow went, and the Doctor ſaid, I pray you thanke your maſter, and tell him that I haue very great buſineſſe to diſpatch to day. So home he comes, and ſayes nothing. When the Guells were all come, they ſtaid from going to dinner for the other Doctor. When they had ſtaid till two of the clocke, he asked his man if he had bidden him come to dinner? Yes (quoth his man) that I did.

And

And why doth he not come? Marry, he said that hee had other businesse, and he could not come. Why didst thou not tell mee this before (quoth his Master:) Why sir (quoth he) because you did not aske me. Which caused much good laughter to all the Guests.

The Hartfordshire mans answere to the Abbot of London.

THe Abbot riding in Visitation, came to a place where they had newly built their Steeple, and put out their bells to be new cast. The Abbot comming neere the Townes end and hearing no bells to ring, in a chafe said to one of the townesmen Haue you no bels in your Steeple? No my Lord, quoth he: then said the Abbot, Sell away your steeple. Why so and please your Lordship? Because quoth the Abbot, it standeth void. Marry said the man, we may as well also sell away another thing in our Church as well as that, and better too. What is that quoth the Abbot? Marry our Pulpit (quoth hee) for this seuen yeares wee haue not had a Sermon in it, nor I thinke euer shall, but bels I am sure we shall haue shortly.

Of a mad conceited Bulkin.

BVlkin well knowne in diuers places for his mad conceits, and his couzenage, vpon a time came into Kent, to Sittingborne: and in diuers villages thereabout set vp bills, that all sorts of people, young and old, that would come to Sittingborne, on such a day, they should finde a man there, that would giue a remedy for all kind of diseases: and also would tell them what would happen vnto any of them in fiue or six yeares after: and hee would desire but two pence apiece of any of them. Whereupon came people of all sorts, and from all places: so that hee gathered of the people that came, to the value of twenty pounds: and hee had prouided a Stage, and set it vp, and placed a chaire where he would sit: and so they being all come in, and euery one set in order, he comes to the gate, and takes the mo-

ney from them that gathered it, and bids them looke that good rule be kept, and ſo they did: alſo he bid them by and by ſound the drumme, and then he would begin his Orations. Hee, when they were gone, with all haſte gets him to the backe-ſide, and there hauing his Gelding gets vpon his backe, and away towards Rocheſter rides he, as faſt as euer he could gallop. Now they thinking he had beene preparing of things in a readineſſe, ſounded the drumme. The Audience looked ſtill when he would come: and ſtaying one two or three houres, nay more, thought ſure they were couzened. Whereupon one of the company ſeeing a paper in the chaire on the Stage, tooke it, wherein was written:

Now you haue heard the ſound of the drumm,
You may all depart like fooles as you come.

Whereupon the men falling to curſing and ſwearing, the women to ſcolding, ſcratching and biting, were faine to depart like fooles indeed.

Of a Country Prieſt.

IN the old time, when holy water was in great requeſt, it ſo chanced, ſir Iohn our Pariſh Clarke meeting in the Church porch of the Sunday morning before Maſſe, he, with ſome other Aletaſters, after they had cleared their eyes with a pot of the beſt liquor the Alehouſe affoorded, the Parſon beganne to tell them a ſtrange ſtory, and after he had ſpit and ſpauld, and wiped his beard where the Ale hung, like the dropping of a Rope-boylers Apron: As I was walking (quoth hee) in my Orchard, looking vpon my tythe Pigs in this great winde, (marke good neighbours, what happened) with my hat in my hand, the Winde blew downe an Apple, which hit me on the Crowne of my head, and aſtonished me for three houres after, but by cockes body neighbours, had it beene one of my wines great pumpions, it had beat out my braines. At which the reſt of his neighbours heartily laughed.

Of

Mother Bunches merriments.

Of a rich Widow of Abington.

THis Widow desired of a Gossip of hers, that she would helpe her to a husband, not for any carnall desire shee had, but onely to keepe her goods, and see to her lands, which is hard (saith she) for me to doe my selfe. The woman, for all her talke, yet knew she spake against her minde: and therefore three or foure dayes after, she came to her, and said, Gossip, I haue found an husband for you, that is very wise and worldly giuen: but he lacks the thing you wot of, whereof I am sure you care not at all. Marry (quoth the Widow) let the deuill take that husband, if he will: for though I desire not the bodily pleasure, yet I would not haue him lacke that thing, which if we chance to fall out, should make vs friends againe.

How finely one sold two loades of Hay.

IN London dwelt a mad conceited fellow, which with his wit liued with Gallants and domineered with good fellowes. Not very long agoe, in hay harueſt, hee gets a pitchforke on his necke, went forth towards Islington in the morning, and meets with two loads of Hay, comming towards the City to be sold: for the which he bargained with them that owed the same, for thirty shillings. But whither shall we bring them, quoth they? To the Swanne by Smithfield, said he. And so went his way, and left them: then to the Swan he went, to the goodman of the house, and asked if he would buy two loads of Hay? Yes, quoth the In-keeper, where bee they? Here they come, quoth he. What shall I pay, quoth the In-keeper? Foure Nobles a load, quoth the Shakeshift. But at last they agreed for twenty shillings. When they were come he bade them vnload the Hay. So while they were vnloading of it, he came to the Inne-holder, and said, I pray you let mee haue my money: for while my men vnload, I will buy some stuffe to haue

home with mée. The Inne-holder was content, and gaue him money, and so hée went away. When the men had vnloaded their Hay, they came and demanded their money. I haue paid your Master, quoth the Inne-holder. What Master, quoth they? Marry quoth he hée that bade you bring the Hay hither. Wée know him not quoth they. Nor I neither quoth hee, but with him I bargained, and him haue I paid, with you I medled not, and therefore goe sake him if you will. And so the poore men were cozened.

Of a young Gentleman that would haue kissed a maid with a long nose.

A Young scoffing Gentleman would haue kissed a maid that had somewhat a long nose, to whom he said, How shall I kisse you, your nose is so long that our lips cannot meet? The maid waxing angry in minde, said, If sir you cannot kisse my mouth for my nose, you may kisse me behinde, whereas I haue neuer a nose. And so she departed.

Of a woman that went to Confession.

On a time a poore labouring mans wife being at confession her ghostly father enquired of her, if there was nothing else that troubled her conscience, she told him yes: but she doubted whether she might be pardoned, yea, or no? Yes no doubt (quoth her Confessor) with true confession, penance, and satisfaction, therefore confesse. The woman (though loath) yet at length confessed vnto him, that she had three children, but the youngest was none of her husbands. Oh, quoth he, that is but a small fault, but I may not absolue you vntill you haue told the same vnto your husband: So away goes the woman very much discontented, and pondering in her minde how she should accomplish this penance, which long she was not about, before she had found a meanes: to be short, her husband comes home wearie from worke, after supper makes hast to bed, where he, his wife, and the youngest childe lay all together. No sooner was

was the man falne into a ſlumber, but his wife pulleth a ſtiffe pinne from her head-gear, and pricketh the child in the buttock, the childe crying troubled the man from ſleepe, which made him ſay, What a plague is this to a man that hath beene all day at hard labour, and cannot take his reſt in quiet in his bed, for this bauling brat. Then ſhe would againe pricke it, but ſhe ſaid ſhee could not helpe it: till at length ſhe counſelled her husband to riſe and fright the child who preſently roſe out of his naked bed and cryed, Boe Bulbegger. Away Bulbegger (quoth his wife it is none of thy childe, and then the next day ſhe was abſolued by her ghoſtly father.

Of a Mountibanke and a Ploughman.

A Brace of Swaines being one day at Plough together: The one was a well elderly fellow, the other a yong ſtripling (ſuch an one as our common Prouerb calleth a Hobberdehoy) the elder holding the Plough, the other driuing the cattle, but ſtill as he was driuing, he was much troubled with an itching or ſwelling about his groine, which his fellow perceiuing would néeds know what was the matter, with much adoe, at laſt hee ſhewed him, Aye me, quoth he, this is a dangerous matter, and if thou haſt not ſpéedie helpe, thou canſt not liue: what ſhall I doe (quoth the younger?) The elder anſwered, Runne preſently to the towne and enquire for maſter Doctor, and he will giue you remedie. So away runnes the fellow to the Quack-ſaluer, and raps at his doore, out comes his man, and enquired his buſineſſe, I would ſpeake with maſter Doctor, (quoth the fellow.) His man anſwered he was not now within. Aye me, ſaid the fellow, I am then a dead man: at which the Doctors man would faine know the reaſon, but hee would not tell him: well, quoth the man, Ile ſée if he be within. So going vp ſtaires to his maſter (who was then at dinner) hee told him what the fellow ſaid: Who ſtarting vp preſently came to the fellow, and would néeds know his griefe: who preſently ſhewed all, and ſaid, without your helpe there is no life for me. This is dangerous indéed (quoth the Doctor) but we will haue ſpéedy

remedy, and calling to his man, bade him fetch a bucket of cold water, and bathe the ſwelled member therein, who did ſo, and preſently the fellow was recouered: Then asking his Doctor what would content him? Nothing of thee (quoth the Doctor) thou art but a ſeruant, and if thou art troubled at any time with this diſeaſe, I will helpe thee for nothing. So the fellow taking his leaue with many thankes, hee departed. Now the Mountebank made haſt to his dinner again, and ſmiling to himſelfe as he ſate at his table, his Wife would néeds know the reaſon of his ſmiling, Nothing, ſaid he, wife: Pray you (quoth ſhe) let me know, at which he anſwered, it was not fit for her to know it: then ſhe was more importunate then before, that at length ſhe muſt néeds know it; at which tale of his ſhee ſmiled, but it would not out of her mind. Well, the next day the fellow was troubled with the ſame diſeaſe, and to the Doctor hée muſt néeds come againe: it chanced ſo, that the Doctor was walked into the Towne, and ſhe had ſent her man on an errand, at length the fellow comes and knocks at the doore: then ſhe ſteps forth to the doore enquiring his buſineſſe. Marrie (quoth hee) I muſt ſpeake with maſter Doctor: ſhe anſwered he was not within: then cryed he out and ſaid, He was but a dead man. Oh (quoth ſhe) you were here yeſterday, I pray you come in, I can helpe you with more eaſe then before. Can you (quoth the fellow) I pray you vſe your ſkill. So hauing him into an inward roome, ſhe made triall of her skill. Then the fellow thanking the Doctors wife, departed to his worke againe, and running thorow the Towne, the Doctor was ſitting in his Apothecaries ſhop with certaine Gentlemen, laughing at what had hapned the day before, and as he was thus ſpeaking, the fellow came by. (quoth the Doctor) Ponder is the fellow. Ile lay any wager he hath béene now at my houſe: and calling him to him, asked if he had béene troubled with his former diſeaſe. I (quoth the fellow.) But you are but a dunce, and you ſhall helpe me no more, your wife doth cure it far better, and with more pleaſure, and ſhe bids me come euery houre if you are forth ſhe will helpe me preſently. At which the Doctor hung downe his head, and was inwardly vexed, the Gentleman heartily laughing.

The

The Lawyer and the Deuill.

TWo Countrie-men being at law, and great ſuits had beene betwixt them, and much mony ſpent in hope to haue an end: a friend comes to one of them, and tels him his aduerſarie had remoued his ſuit into another Court: at which the other replyed, Let him remoue it to the deuill if he will, I am ſure I ſhall haue a Lawyer to follow it.

Of a Gentleman that asked a Lady forgiueneſſe.

A Certain conceited Gentleman, on a time falling out with a Lady, in a collericke humour called her Whore, which Ladie taking it in great diſdaine, to haue her Ladiſhips name thus ſcandalized, would by all meanes poſſible haue him to the Spirituall Court, and either proue her ſo as hee had reported, or elſe to abide the extremity of the Law. But certaine friends on both ſides, ſo wrought with the Lady, and telling her, hee was but a fantaſtick, and a kinde of a mad man, and that it would be more for her Ladiſhips honour to forgiue and forget, ſeeing all the world knew her chaſtity without the leaſt ſpot or blemiſh: ſhe at laſt condeſcended vpon this condition, that before certaine of her friends, and his, he ſhould aske her forgineneſſe in the ſame place he had ſo wronged her. To conclude, the Gentleman was willing, and ſo comming amongſt them all, he kneeled before her Ladiſhip, and ſpake theſe words following: Madam, I called you Whore ('tis true,) I am come to aske you forgiueneſſe (I am ſory for it,) you are no Whore, (I he.) Well ſir (quoth the Lady) I freely forgiue you with all my heart: but take heed how you abuſe a chaſte Ladies reputation hereafter.

How.

How drunken *Mullins* of Stratford dreamed he found gold.

MVllins being drunke, and lying in his bed, dreamed that the deuill led him into a field to dig for Gold: and when he had had found the Gold, the Deuill ſaid, Thou canſt not cary it away now, but marke the place, that thou maiſt fetch it another time. What marke (quoth Mullins?) With Pilgrime ſalue (quoth the deuill) for that ſhall cauſe euery man to ſhunne the place, and for thee it ſhall be a ſpeciall marke. Where hee did ſo. And when he awaked, he perceiued he had foully beraied his bed. Thus betweene ſtinke and dirt, vp he roſe, and made him readie to goe forth. And laſt of all, he put on his hat, wherein alſo the Cat had chit: ſo, for great ſtinke, he threw away his hat, and was faine to waſh his head. Thus all his golden dreame was turned to a---

Of a young woman at Barnet that ſorrowed for her husbands death.

IN Barnet was a young woman, that when her husband lay a dying, ſorrowed out of meaſure, for feare that ſhe ſhould loſe him. Her father came to her, deſiring her to be contented: for hee had prouided her another husband, a farre more handſome man. But ſhe did not onely continue in her ſorrow, but was alſo greatly diſpleaſed, that her father made any motion to her of any other husband. As ſoone as her other husband was buried, and the Sermon was done, and they were at dinner, betweene ſobbing and weeping, ſhe rounded her father in the eare, and ſaid: Father, where is the young man that you told mee ſhould be my husband? for very ſhortly I purpoſe to be maried. At which her father ſuddenly fell a laughing.

Mother Bunches merriments.

A poore beggers anſwer to a rich Citizen.

A Pooze begger, that was foule, blacke, and loathſome to behold, came to a rich Citizen, and asked his almes. To whom the Citizen ſaid, I pray get thée hence from me, for thou lookeſt as though thou cameſt out of hell. The pooze man perceiuing he could get nothing, anſwered, Forſooth ſir, you say troth, I came out of hell indeed. Why biddeſt thou not tarry there ſtill, quoth the Citizen? Marry ſir (quoth the begger) there is no roome for ſuch pooze beggers as I am: all is kept for ſuch Gentlemen as you are.

A tale of the Countrywomans Anſwer.

A Countriwoman paſſing along the high way towards the market, it being a cold frolly morning, was compelled to vnburthen her ſelfe of Natures due, and it happened to be on the top of a hill: no ſooner had ſhe ended, but two Country fellowes ſtrangers vnto her, came by the ſame way: one of them willing to make himſelfe merrie with this accident, he thus ſalutes the pooze woman, Good wife (quoth he) in our Country when the hens lay an egge, they vſe to kackle. Tis true indeed (quoth the woman) and ſo would I haue done too, my friend, but that I feard ſuch a knaue as thou art, would haue ſtollen my egge. Yet to ſaue your longing, take one mouthfull, and be gone. The Country woman went laughing away, hee not hauing a word to reply.

The ſubtiltie of Kindlecoale the Lawyer repayed with the like craft.

THere was an vnthrift in London, that had receiued of a Merchant certaine wares, which came to fifty pounds, to pay at thrée months, and at thrée months: but when he had it

he consumed and spent it all: so that at the fire moneths end, there was not any left to pay the Merchant: wherefore the Merchant arrested him. When he saw there was no other remedie, but either to pay the debt, or go to prison, he sent to a subtill Lawyer, and asked his counsell how he might cleare himselfe of that debt. What wilt thou giue me (quoth he) if I doe? Fiue marks (quoth the other) and here it is: and as soone as you haue done, you shall haue it. Well, said the Lawyer, but thou must be ruled by my counsell, and doe thus: When thou commest before the Iudge, whatsoeuer he saith vnto thee, answer thou nothing, but cry Bea, still, and let me alone with the rest. So when he came before the Iudge, he said to the Debter, Dost thou owe this Merchant so much money? Bea, (quoth he.) What, beast (quoth he?) answer to that I aske thee. Bea (quoth he againe.) Why how now, quoth the Iudge? I thinke this fellow hath gotten a sheepes tongue in his head: for he answereth in the sheepes language. Why sir (quoth the Lawyer) doe you thinke this Merchant that is so wise a man, would be so foolish, as to trust this Ideot with fiftie pounds worth of ware, that can speake neuer a word: no sir I warrant you. And so perswaded the Iudge to call the Merchant in his owne suit. And so the Iudge departed, and the Court brake vp. Then the Lawyer came to his Client, and asked him his money, since his promise was performed, and his debt discharged. Bea (quoth he). Why, thou naught not cry Bea any longer, but pay me my money. Bea (quoth hee) againe. Why, then wilt not serue me so, I hope (quoth the Lawyer) now I haue vsed thee so kindly. But nothing but Bea, could master Lawyer get for his paines, and so was faine to depart with a flea in his eare.

Of

Mother Bunches merrime nts.

Of the woman that desired her husband might goe to the deuill.

ON a Winters euening a Country husbandman went to fetch his wiues kine home to milke, and driuing them into the backside: he forgot to shut the gate, and hee comes into the house, sits him downe by the fire side: the kine finding the gate open, ranne trotting and lowing downe the durty lane, toward the field, and the mans daughter looking forth at the doore, and seeing them, cries out to her mother, Faith my father is a fine man, I thinke the kine are gone to the deuill, shall I goe after them? No (quoth her mother) daughter you are too forward: Let your father goe, he's fitter, he has his hie-shoone on.

Of a Gentleman of Norfolke and his Host.

A Gentleman of Norfolke, as he was riding towards London in the winter time; and sitting by the fire side with his Hoste, vntill supper could bee made readie, there happened a Rabbit to be at the fire a rosting, which the Gentleman perceiued to be very leane, as hee thought. Quoth hee vnto his Hoste, We haue Rabbits in our Country, that one will drip a pottle, and baste it selfe. The Inkeeper wondred with himselfe, and did thinke it to be a lye, but would not say so, for manners sake, and because he was his guest: but thinking to requite him, Now truly, quoth hee, it is very strange: but I can tell you of as strange a thing as that. Which the Gentleman very desirous to heare: Quoth he, I had as fine a Grayhound as any was in England: and if I had happened to goe abroad to my grounds, the Grayhound would alway goe with me. And sometime there would start out a Hare before me, which my Grayhound would quickly catch. It fortuned that my dogge dyed, and for very loue that I bare to him, I made me a bottle of his skin, to carry drinke withall. So, one time in hay harnest, my folkes being making of hay in my grounds, and the weather

hot, I filled my bottle with beere, to carrie to them, lest they should lacke drinke. And as I was going along, there starts a Hare out of a bush before me; and as it was my custome, I cryed, Now,now,now. My bottle leaping from my girdle,ran and catcht the Hare. What,(quoth the Gentleman) me thinks that should be a lye. Truly Sir, said the Iu-keper, so did I thinke yours was. The Gentleman perceiuing that he was requited for his kindnesse, held himselfe contented.

A tale of a Gentleman and his man.

A Gentleman vpon a time hauing a man that could write and reade well, rebuked him one day for idlenesse, saying, If I had nothing to doe, like thee, I would to recreate my wit, set downe all the fooles I knew. The fellow making little answer, took his pen and inke, and as his master had willed him fell to setting downe a Catalogue of all the fooles that he was well acquainted with: among whom, and first of all he set down his master, who reading his name, would needs know the nature of his folly. Marry (quoth hee) in lending your Cozin twentie pound this other day: for I thinke hee will neuer pay you. Yea but (quoth his master) what if he doe pay me? then (quoth his man) I will put out your name, and put downe his for a fools.

The King of France his reward to a Miser.

The King of France, Charles the fift, being presented by a poore Gardiner, with a Turnep of a huge greatnesse, gaue him for his reward fiue hundred crownes, giuing him charge to lay it vp, and keepe it safely for him, till he did call for it. Which bounty being noted of all his court, and chiefly obserued by one couetous rich officer of his house, caused him, in hope of some greater recompence for a greater present, to present his Maiesty with a faire and goodly hazle: which the King thankfully receiuing,

ceiuing, noting his miſerable nature, and that his gift rather did proceed from hope of gain, then good will, called for the Turnop; wherewith he rewarded the miſerable Aſſe: at which, he no leſſe fretted, then all that ſaw it, heartily laughed. And ſo I with all ſuch churles to be ſerued.

The anſwer of a Gentlemans man to his Maſter.

A Worſhipfull Gentleman in London, hauing on a time inuited diuers of his friends to ſupper to his houſe, and being at ſupper, the ſecond courſe comming in, the firſt was one of the Gentlemans owne men, bringing a Capon, and by chance ſtumbling at the portal doore, the Capon flew out of the platter and ranne along the boords to the vpper end of the table, where the maſter of the houſe ſate, who making a ieſt of it, ſaid, By my faith, it is well, the Capon is come firſt, my man will come anon too, I hope. By and by came his man, and takes vp the Capon, and layes it in the platter, and ſets it on the boord. I thanke you, ſir, quoth his maſter, I could haue done ſo my ſelfe. I, quoth his man, it is an eaſie matter, ſir, for one to doe a thing when he ſees it done before his face.

Of a drunken fellow that fell in the fire.

There was a notable drunkard of Rocheſter, whom his wife perſwaded as much as in her lay, to leaue that ſinne: but the more ſhe ſpake, the worſe he was, and becauſe ſhe controuled him, he would all to beat her. So ſhe let him alone: and becauſe his vſe was ſtill to ſtay out till almoſt midnight, ſhee went to bed, and bade her maid tarie vp for him, and make a good fire: and the maid did as her miſtris commanded. One night when he came home, the maid let him in, and he ſtood by the fire and warmed himſelfe: but his head being too heauy for his bodie, downe he fell into the fire all along. The maid

ran crying, Oh Piſtrelle, Piſtrelle, my Maſter is falne into the fire. No matter maid (quoth ſhe) let him take his pleaſure in his owne houſe where he will himſelfe.

Of King *Henry* and the Countryman.

KIng Henry riding on hunting, in the County of Kent, hee came by chance to a great gate, that hee muſt néeds paſſe thorow, and in the way there ſtood a Ploughman, to whom the King ſaid, I pray thee good fellow open me the gate: The fellow perceiuing it was the King, ſtood like an image, and ſaid, No, and it ſhall pleaſe your Grace (quoth hee) I am not worthy to be in that office but I will fetch maſter Cooper (which was a Iuſtice) that dwelleth but two miles hence, and hee ſhall open you the gate. And ſo runne away as faſt as euer he could, leaning the King to open the gate himſelfe.

How a woman, to hide a ſmall fault, ſhewed a greater.

A Woman at Romford had for ſome cauſe ſhauen her head, and newly as ſhe had put off her kerchiefe off her head, one of her neighbours called for her haſtily into the ſtréet. When her neighbour ſaw her ſo, ſhe blamed her for comming abroad bare-headed. She remembring her ſelfe, whipt vp her cloathes from behind her, ouer her head. And ſo to hide her head, ſhee ſhewed her bare taile.

Of a Boobee.

IN Couentry two Tradeſmen falling at odds, the one called the other Rogue, Raſcall, Villaine, Baſe-fellow, with many other reproachfull termes of diſgrace. The party thus wronged told the other he was a Boobee, and ſtill whatſoeuer the other ſaid, he replyed, Thou art a Boobee, and I will proue it: then departing in a great chafe: his aduerſary laughing, and going

in

in great anger through the Citie, at last met one of his neighbours, of his familiar acquaintance, and after some conference, told him, that there was a great falling out betwixt himselfe, and such a neighbour, and named his Aduersarie, shewing also how many reproachfull tearmes he had giuen him, and still hee called him Boobee, and he was desirous to know what a Boobee was: Why, said his friend whom hee met giue me but a quart of wine, and I will tell you what a Boobee is, which hee willingly condescended to doe. Being in the Tauerne, one pinte was called for with sugar, and still hee was desirous to know the meaning of a Boobee. Nay stay (quoth his friend) we must haue the other pinte, so it was called for too, and the reckoning by him paid for: he now desired to know what a Boobee was. Quoth his friend, a Boobee is he that being maried a twelue month and a day, and hath not seene his wiues Concupiscence, hee is a Boobee and no other. Nay then (quoth the Boobee) he saith true, for one night as she lay sleeping, I went to see her Merkin, and comming with the candle, and softly pulling vp the cloathes, she vp with her legges and let a fart which blew out the candle, after which, I durst not attempt any more: at which his neighbour heartily laughed, and hee remained a Boobee.

A iest of a plaine country fellow.

A Plaine Country fellow, riding along the high way, met by chance a Coach, and therein was sitting a very handsome Gentlewoman in rich attire, the plaine Country fellow seldome hauing seene a Coach before, admired at the sight hee saw, thinking it had beene some heauenly vision: Trauelling thus with admiration, he presently meets with a Gentleman riding after the Coach a good pace, whom the Country fellow thus saluted, God saue you sir, I pray you what Lady rides in yonder whirling house. It is (quoth the Gentleman) the Queene of Spades, good honest man: I thought so indeed, (quoth the Country fellow) the Knaue of Clubs posts after so speedily.

A Gentlewomans witty anſwer.

A Gentleman walking the fields for his recreation, ouertooke by chance a Citizens wife, which was a very handſome, proper-bodied woman, with a good legge and foot, which gaue him great content, ſeldome hauing ſeene the like; and going forward to ſee her face, which done, he thus ſaluted her. Faire Lady, had I likes you as well before, as I doe behinde, I would haue made bold to kiſſe you: Sir (quoth ſhe) I pray you leaue your complements, and kiſſe where you like. At which ſudden anſwer of hers the Gentleman departed, hauing not wit equall to reply.

How a mad man in Glocesterſhire anſwered a Gentleman.

IN Glocesterſhire dwelt one that cured franticke men in this manner: when their fit was on them, he would put them in a gutter of water, ſome to the knee, ſome to the middle, and ſome to the necke, as the diſeaſe was on them. So one that was well amended, ſtanding at the gate, by chance, a Gentleman came riding by with his Hawkes, and his Hounds. The mad fellow called him, and ſaid, Gentleman, whither goe you? On hunting (quoth the Gentleman.) What doe you with all theſe kites and Dogges? They bee Hawkes and Hounds, quoth the Gentleman. Wherefore keepe you them (quoth the other?) Why (quoth hee) for my pleaſure. What doe they coſt you a yeare to keepe them? Forty pounds (quoth the Gentleman.) And what doe they profit you (quoth he?) Some ten pounds (quoth the Gentleman.) Get thee quickly hence, quoth the fellow: for if my maſter finde thee here, he will put thee into the gutter vp to the throat.

Of

Of an Hermit by Paris, that lay with all the chiefest Gentlewomen in the Countrie.

THis notable knaue that vnder colour of holinesse, entired all the chiefest Matrons of the Countrey to folly; at last, his doings were detected and knowne, and he was brought before the Duke of Anioy, which to heare the number of them, for his pleasure, called his Secretary to write them down. The Secretary bade him recount them. The Hermit named to the number of seuen and twentie of the Dukes seruants wiues, and others, and then stood still and said nothing. Is there no more (quoth the Duke?) No, and it shall like your Grace, (quoth the Hermet.) Tell troth, quoth the Secretary, for if thou doest not, thou shalt be sharpely punished. Then said the Hermet, sighing, to make vp the eight and twenty, write thine owne wife, in the number. Whereupon the Secretary for very griefe, let fall his pen. And the Duke, laughing heartily, said, I am glad, that he that with so great pleasure, hath heard the faults of other mens wiues, should now come into the same number himselfe.

Of a holy Sister.

A Sister of the purer sort being at home alone, and her husband walked abroad. A brother of her acquaintance came to visit her, who after some salutations (and hauing this opportunity) the spirit began to worke, and he must haue a bit to stay his stomacke: well, there needed no great flege when the sort is willing to yield. In the meane time one knockes at the doore. Oh (quoth shee) verily we are both vndone, there is my husband at the doore. Aye me my holy sister (quoth he) what shall I doe? Hide (quoth she) my pure brother, your selfe on the Tester of the bed. So vp he got, where he lay in a pitifull feare. She comming to the doore, another bird of the same feather saluted her, saying, Deare Sister, I met thy husband abroad, and

now I am come to visit thée at home. Oh (said she) he will not stay. I le ieopard a ioynt (quoth he) and into her chamber hée rushes, where he said he would vse her neither better nor worse then he did his owne wife: shee being loath because of her other companion on the Tester of the bed, but he would haue no denyall, and she durst not stirre too strange because of their former familiar acquaintance: Well, you may imagine what you please, but in the meane time her husband knocks at the doore indeed, what shift to make with her second loue she knew not, nor must she stand to consult, yet at last she willed him to creep vnderneath the bed to hide himselfe. Then her husband comming into the chamber, found the bed tumbled, and other such like suspition, and enquired of his wife who had beene there, for he had some cause of iealousie: Merily (quoth shee) sweet husband, here hath beene nobody since you went. Thou lyest like a whoore (quoth he.) Surely (quoth shee) there is one aboue knowes all. The man on the top of the bed hearing her say so, and thinking she had meant him, answered, you lye like a queane, there is one vnder the bed knowes as much as I doe. Whereby they were both discouered.

Of a maid that would haue her maidenhead againe.

A Country yong Girle, of the age of fiftéene, was to be married on the Sunday following, and on the Thursday before she came to London to buy a hat, and her mother gaue her nine shillings to buy hat and band, and bade her buy as handsome a one as shee could. The maid came to London, and at Ludgate fell lighted into a shop, where by chance the master being a Batcheloz, and within seeing a handsome maid, shewed her the best and of good price. Shee said she had not so much to giue as he demanded. Why after (quoth the Habberdasher) if you haue not money, I will take your maidenhead for payment for my hat. Maidenhead (quoth the wench) what's that? Why come in into the next roome (quoth he) & I will tell you: what he willingly did, what he did with her you may imagine, but

he had her maidenhead and gaue her the hat. The wench very glad of this good fortune, of hauing her money againe, and a new hat too, went home very merrily to her mother, and shewed her her new hat, which her mother liked exceeding well: But (quoth she) what didst thou pay daughter for it? A small matter (quoth the daughter) and I haue my money too. What (quoth her mother) daughter I hope you haue not stolne it? No' quoth her daughter) mother the Habberdasher gaue it me. For what (quoth her mother?) he would haue no money: Mother (quoth she) he desired to haue my maidenhead and had it, & gaue me a quart of wine too, and this new hat and band. But thou whoore (quoth her mother) goe take money with you, and goe to London againe and fetch your maidenhead of him, and pay him for his hat. Which she did, and comming to Ludgate hill, diuers askt her what she lackt, at last she espyed him, and gaue him the hat: who called her in, and vpstaires they went. Sir (quoth shee) my mother hath sent me for my maidenhead againe, and I haue brought you money for the hat. That thou shalt sweet heart (quoth hee) and made no more adoe but presently tooke her into his chamber as before. At which iest there was exceeding good laughter.

Of the two Trauellers.

SIr Gregory Fobbe a great traueller, meeting at an Ordinary, beganne to relate to Sir Lionell Loudher, what strange wonders he had seene in his long and tedious trauels, (as trauellers may lie by authority,) quoth he, I haue seene a Cabidge so bigge, and great, that it couered a piece of ground of seuenteene akers, & an army of fifty thousand fighting men stood (to saue them from the raine) vnder the leaues of it, and had not one drappe of raine fell vpon their Armour. Oh (quoth Sir Lionell Loudher) that is nothing to the strange wonder I haue seene, for in my trauels I haue seene a Caldron a making so huge

and biggs, that three hundred and fiftie men wrought on it driving in the nailes with great hammers, and they stood so farre asunder, the one could not heare the other knocke. But (quoth Sir Gregory Foobe) what was that Caldron made for? (quoth Sir Lionell Loudlier) To boyle your great Cabbige in, and to parboile their tongues that told so lond a lye. Which great wonders moued much good laughter.

The answer of a witty Countrie maid.

There was a company of merry youths, walking from Hamsted, foure miles from London, met by chance two Country witty wenches, going from London with baskets on their armes: quoth one of the men, Faire maid, what newes at London? Oh sir (quoth one of the maids) God send you better fortune then one had at London to day. Why (quoth one of the men) what was the matter? Sir (quoth the maid) as hee lay sleeping in the fields, the Pies came and pickt a hole in his taile, so bigge you can hardly conceit with your face. And so the maid departed laughing.

A prettie tale of a Bridegroome and the Bride.

A Man of middle age, having beene a notable wencher in his youth, and making loue vnto many, promising marriage vnto them, vntill he had his pleasure of them and then he cast them off as his fancy serued. At last was suiter to one wiser then the rest, (that had formerly been so serued in trusting to the promises of young men, they hauing had their wills of her, hauing they could not preuaile, thought her honester then the rest) and would needs marry her, and did so, and to his wedding inuited all those with whom he had lien, and willed them to bring euery one a bride-cake, which they did. His Wife at night asked him what all those cakes were, that so kindly brought so many Cakes. Those maides (quoth he) I haue

lien

lien with all euery one, and as many more, and promised them mariage vntill I had my will of them, which if I could haue had of thée I would neuer haue maried thée. I (quoth shee) haue béene often so serued, and if I should haue bidden all those men bring Chéeses which haue lien with me, wee should haue had Cake and Cheese enough for this twelue month. Which the Bride-maides hearing, fell into a great laughter and all was discouered.

Of him that did talke and prate, and knew not the Law.

A Notable yong Rogue, hauing plaid some notable knauish prankes, was for the offence to be whipt, and as he was ready to be tied to the Cart, hee said to the Beadle that should whip him: Here is ten shillings for thée, I pray thée vse mee kindly, and deale not too cruelly with me: to whom the Beadle promised great curteste; but being tyed fast to the Cart, hee whipt him very seuerely. The fellow called vnto him, and bade him remember his promise? What knaue (quoth the Beadle) dost prate and talke and knowest not the Law. Afterward being released, he bethought himselfe how he might be reuenged on the Beadle: and seeing him stand in the Market, pickes a pocket, and puts the purse into the Beadles pocket, and goes to the fellow, from whom he had stolne the purse, saying, Friend, doe you misse nothing, who presently cried out, saying, he had lost his purse. Yonder Beadle hath it (quoth hee) and you shall finde it in his pocket, I saw him take it. The man that had lost his purse goes vnto the Beadle, and apprehended him for his purse, who vtterly denyed he had it not, neither knew of any such matter. But being found about him he was condemned to die for it. The pickpocket being imprisoned again for some small fault, desired he might be hangman for that day, and it being granted: When the Beadle came to be hanged, Sirrah (quoth the pickpocket) doe you remember how you whipt me the other day when I gaue you ten shillings. I (quoth the Beadle) I pray thée forgiue me, I am now ready to dye. I, sirra (quoth

he) thanke me for it, for I pickt the purse, and put it in your pocket. With that the Beadle began to cry aloud, saying, Hold, hold. What knaue (quoth the pickpocket) doest talke, and prate, and knowest not the Law. And so hee turned him beside the Ladder.

The Irishmans welcome into England.

A Vntrauelled Irishman intended to see England, and arriuing at London, chanced to light on a Barbers shoppe, supposing by his clusker of Basons hanging at the doore, it must of necessity be some penny-pottage Ordinary: and wanting the language, entred the shop, and pointed to his mouth; meaning some victualls to stay his hunger. The Barber gathered by this signe, that the poore fellow had pain in his teeth, and desired to haue one pluckt out; willed him to sit downe in his Chaire, and approached with his dismall instruments towards the fellowes chaps. The Irishman beganne to wonder at this strange kinde of seeding, giuing the Barber to vnderstand (as well as he could) he was neuer brought vp to that kinde of feeding, and with an vnmannerly thrust bade him Auant. The Barber halfe discontented, tumbled the Irishman with his Chaire vpside downe, who sprawling on the ground began to take after the doore, and made as much haste to his lodging as he could; where, meeting with one of his Countrymen, he prayed him of all loues to depart this Country of England, and returne to that worthy Ireland. For (quoth he) the deuill dwells here, and no honest men, since when a poore stranger makes shew of hunger, the knauish inhabitants will breake our mens teeth like dogs, and so send vs to our Country againe with never a tooth in our heads: which caused much good mirth to all that heard it.

The Gentlemans debt paid, when his beard was ſhauen.

A Gentleman of Franckford in Germany, had boꝛrowed of a Iew (of the ſame towne) a thouſand Duckets: and miſſing his day of payment, he ſought from time to time to abſent himſelfe from his Creditoꝛ. Not long after, the Iew eſpyed him going into a Barbers ſhop, and ran preſently and fetcht a couple of Seriеants to arreſt his debter, now at the Barbers a trimming. Which done, the Iew came and found the Gentleman halfe ſhaued, and demanded whether he would inſtantly diſcharge his debt, oꝛ accept of the arreſt. The Gentleman being driuen to a nonplus caught ſudden hold of his ſwoꝛd, and asked the Iew, if he would not attend till his beard was all ſhaued? The Iew anſwered, Yes with all his heart. Why then (quoth the Gentleman) Barber and Seriеants beare witneſſe what the Iew hath promiſed. Contented (quoth the Iew) Well Barber then I will not haue my beard ſhauen this twelue moneths. The Iew began to ſtamp, curſe and ban, and finally procures the Seriеants to carry him before a Gouernour, who well conſidering the matter, diſmiſſed both the Gentleman and the Iew, as both frames, without farther challenge of debt, vntill the Gentlemans beard was all ſhauen, which till his dying day he neuer ſuffered. And the Iew loſt his mony.

A Ieſt, ſauing your reuerence, worth the laughing at.

In a Citie, I finde not where, met a company, I know not who, and about I know not what: but after that they had layd their heads together, to conclude vpon a thing of nothing, as the vſe is of ſuch kind of people, fearing to ſurfet of faſting, they got them to dinner, where, when their bellies were full of wine, their braines ſet their tongues to woꝛke about wonders: and hauing made a great noiſe to little purpoſe, they fell to que-

questioning among themselues, what was the rarest thing in the world. One, he said, the Phenix, because there was but one, and she killed her selfe, and lived againe of her owne ashes. Another said a Diamond, because it would write in glasse. Another said, A Parrat, because it would speake like a man. Another said, a true friend, the world was so full of falshood. Another said, Gold, for that it wrought wonders in the world. And another said, Lone, because it robbed wise men of their wits. But while they did thus differ in their opinions, one merry companion being willing to say his minde, upon a sudden falling into a laughing, told them they were all fooles, for he knew a rarer thing then all they: which they desiring to know, he told them it was a sweet arse-hole. Whereat every one holding themselues by the nose, left off their talke, and laughing at the foole, rose from the table.

Of a Parish Clarke.

Often haue I heard my Grandmother tell, that in her dayes a Parish Clarke of London, being a notable good fellow sitting vp all one Saturday night at Cards, with some of his boone companions, so that vpon Sunday he was very sleepy, in so much that as maister Parson was at Sermon he fell fast asleepe, when the Minister had ended his Sermon, it fortuned he was still fast asleepe, which a neighbour espying, not willing to haue it seene, steps vnto him, and puls him hastily by the sleeue, who as it seemed was a dreamt of his last nights play, and presently started vp, crying with a loud voice, Hold, hold, a paire of knaues and one and twenty: which caused much good laughter in the Parish, and he was dismist of his place.

Mother Bunches merriments.

A quicke conceit of a witty wench.

A honeſt Country Farmer, whoſe wife was great with childe, and longing for a payre of wood Pidgeons, intreated her kinde husband, by all meanes poſſible to procure them, who againſt the nert Sunday moſt carefully did as his wife had willed; This plaine-dealing man (hearing the laſt peale to Seruice) away he hies him: In the meane time his wife (good woman) thinking the time tedious till ſhe had ſatisfied her longing deſire, with all expedition cauſeth her maide to lay the Pidgeons to the fire, and being but halfe roaſted, thee made a quicke diſpatch. In the meane while (Seruice being ended) her husband inuiteth the Vicar of the Pariſh (being a Batchelor) to dinner, which he moſt kindly accepted. Comming home together, the good man bids him welcome, and brings him into his Hall, where the cloath was already laid, and calling to his wife and maide to bring away the meat, his wife hauing eaten the roaſtmeat, and ſeeing the Vicar to dine there, was much abaſhed. Tut (quoth the maid) Dame let it not trouble you, let me alone to ſalue the matter. Well (quoth her Dame) that ſhall bee tried. Then the good man ſtepping forth at the back-doore, in comes the wench to Maſter Vicar, and tels him, Oh ſir, if you tender your owne welfare (as I doe) with all expedition be gone, for my maſter being extreame iealous of you, hath inuited you to dinner, and hath vowed to cut off both your ſtones, and when you ſee him whet his knife on the cart-wheele, (as ſhe knew well he vſually did) then looke to your ſelfe: which preſently her Maſter did indeed: at which ſight away runs ſir Domine, not knowing of the Pigeons, but remembring what the maid had told him: Preſently the maid comes with open mouth to her maſter, and tels him the Vicar had run away with her Dames Pigeons, and it would coſt her life if ſhe had them not againe: at which, the goodman minding nothing but the Pigeons, made all the haſte he could, running after the Vicar with his naked knife in his hand, and ſaid, Come againe maſter Vicar I beſeech you, let me haue but one, my Wife longs for

one of them. Master Vicar runnes away, and sweares not one, no not one, quoth he, if it would saue thy life thou knaue, I prise my ware at a better rate. At which witty conceit of the maids the mistris heartily laughed.

A pretty tale of a Complainant, that cried to a Iudge for iustice, yet refused it when it was offered.

ONe Dromo, a certaine Tiler, sitting vpon the ridge of a house, laying on certaine roofe tiles, looking backe, and reaching somewhat too far, for a little morter, that lay by him, fell backward, & by good hap, fell vpon a man that was sitting vnder the house, whom with his fall hée bruised to death; but thereby saued his owne life. Not many dages after, a sonne of the dead mans, caused this man to be apprehended for murther, and hauing him before the Iudge, cryed vnto the Iudge for Iustice: who asking of the prisoner what he could say for himselfe, receiued this answer, Truly sir, I neuer thought the man any hurt, neither did I thinke to tall: but since it was my hap to hit vpon him to saue my life, if it please your Lordship, I am contented that he shall haue iustice: for my selfe, I had no malice to his father, though I see hée hath a great deale to me: but let him doe his worst, I care not, I aske no fauour: let him goe vp to the top of the house where I sate, and I will sit where his father sate, let him fall from the place as cunningly as he can, and fall vpon me to saue his life, I will be contented. The Iudge séeing the mans innocency, and how farre hée was from intent of any euill to the man whom hee had slaine, willed the complainant to take this course for his contentment: which he refusing, was dismissed the Court, and the Prisoner thus by his witty answer released.

How

Mother Bunches merriments.

How a Merchant loſt his purſe betweene Waltam and London.

A Merchant that trauelled betweene Ware and London, loſt his budget, wherein was a hundred pound, who cauſed to proclaime in all villages and market townes, that who ſo had found the ſame, and would reſtore it againe, ſhould haue twenty pounds for his paines. An honeſt huſbandman that chanced to finde it, brought it to the Bailiffe of Ware, and required his twenty pounds for his paines, when he deliuered it. When the couetous Merchant vnderſtood this, and that hee muſt needs pay twenty pound for the finding of it, hee ſaid, there was an hundred and twenty pound in the Budget, and ſo would haue had his owne money, and twenty pound ouer. So long they ſtroue, that the matter was brought before a Iuſtice. When the Iuſtice vnderſtood by the Bailiffe, that the cry was made for a budget with an hundred pound in it, hee demanded where it was? Here (quoth the Bailiffe,) and gaue it him. Is it iuſt an hundred pound (quoth the Iuſtice?) Yes (quoth the Bayliffe.) Hold (quoth the Iuſtice to him that found the Budget,) take thou this money to thy vſe, and if thou happen to finde a Budget with a hundred and twenty pound, bring it to this honeſt Merchant man. It is mine, I loſt no more but a hundreth pound (quoth the Merchant.) You ſpeake now too late (quoth the Iuſtice) for your couetouſneſſe hath beguiled your ſelfe.

The iealous Merchant.

A Rich Merchant of London had a very faire woman to his wife, and was exceeding iealous of her honeſty. It happened that hee had occaſion to trauell into the Country, and therefore intreated his wife to grant him one requeſt before hee went. What is that (quoth ſhe?) Onely this (quoth he) that whoſoeuer come to ſpeake with you vntill my returne home, you ſhall alwaies anſwer No: which ſhe promiſed to performe. The next morning hee departed, and preſently after dinner came a Gentleman to haue ſpoken with the Merchant, demanding of the ſeruant for his maſter: Hee is (quoth the ſeruant) gone into the Countrey. Where is then your Miſtreſſe (quoth the Gentleman?) the ſeruant anſwered, She is aboue ſir. The Gentleman went vp, and found her at her booke, and demanded, if ſhe were the Miſtreſſe of the houſe? ſhe anſwered (according to her promiſe,) No. The Gentleman asked if then the miſtreſſe of the houſe were within? ſhee anſwered No, the Gentleman was halfe angry at the ſeruant, for informing him falſely, and went downe, demanding why he had thus mocked him. Sir, quoth the ſeruant, that Gentlewoman that you ſpake with, is miſtris of the houſe, but my maſter hath willed her to anſwer to all demands nothing elſe, but No, as fearing her inconſtancy. The Gentleman went vp againe, and began to looke more amiable vpon the Merchants wife, demanding if ſhe were diſpleaſed at his comming? She anſwered No. Nor at this kiſſe (quoth he?) ſhee anſwered, No. But would you be offended (quoth he) if I ſhould ſupply your husbands place this night? ſhe anſwered No, ſo the match was made, and the next morne the Gentleman departed. About a month after the Gentleman paſſed by the Merchants houſe, and eſpied him and her ſitting at the doore, ſaluted them, and told him, that it was not long ſince that he had beene there to haue ſpoke with him, but the miſtreſſe of the houſe anſwered to euery queſtion, No: perceiuing this, I demanded if a kiſſe would offend her? ſhee anſwered, No; whereupon I demanded, if ſhe would bee diſ-

pleaſed

pleased if I should that night supply the place of her husband: she still answered, No; the good woman seeing all was like to be betrayed, beganne secretly to winke vpon the Gentleman: which he perceiuing, presently altered his tale into a dreame: And then I awaked out of this strange dreame (quoth the Gentleman:) Now by my troth sir (quoth the Merchant) if it had not beene a dreame, I would verily haue sworne it had beene my wife.

The maids answer to a Serieant at Law.

IT so fortuned in the heat of Summer, the weather being very hot, that a Serieant and a Counseller at Law would needs take a paire of Oares at the Temple, to goe to Westminster by water: No sooner were they landed vpon the Stares, but presently the Serieant spieth a good big fat wench, with her backe towards them stooping, and washing of cloathes, (as is vsuall so to doe:) the Serieant willing to make some sport with the maid, said vnto the Counseller, Looke here brother, here is a wench hath a good big fat paire of hanches. I sir (replyed the Wench) if you had blowne as much winde into them, as I haue blowne out of them, they would haue beene so big, you could scarce haue couered them. At which ready and wittie answer, the Counseller most heartily laughed, and the Serieant was much discontented.

A Souldier prest to beare a musket.

A Rude Germain, and vntutered in the art military, seeking seruice vnder the States of Holland, was presently admitted to choose his weapon, either Musket, Caliuer, or Pike, which he pleased: demanding therefore what pay was due to a Musket-bearer; answer was made, fiue Crowns a month. Marry then (quoth he) my fathers Asse would proue an excellent souldier, for Ile warrant him to carry twenty, if they bee orderly layd vpon a good pack-saddle. At which the souldiers much laughed at his simplicity.

A dying mans profer.

A Younger brother of a great House in Germany, was committed vpon an action of Robbery, and being conuicted, and sentence of death pronounced against him: he was very malecontent; wherefore the Preacher came and sought by religious perswasions to comfort him, telling him he should be of good cheare, for his next meales meat should be in heauen with God and all his holy Angels. Faith (quoth the Robber) I haue small appetite to any heauenly food at this time, but if you will take the dinner for me, I will giue you twenty shillings to discharge the shot. Which caused much good laughter to all that stood by.

The tale of the Souldier and the Barber.

IT fortuned not long since, that a Souldier comming to a Barbers shop to be trimmed, sitting in the Barbers chaire, the better to passe away the time, begunne to relate unto the Barber some strange passages which in the warres hee had beene a spectator of, (for he iudged the Barber by his lookes to be a silly fellow.) And amongst the rest of one of his fellow Souldiers who was so exceeding active and nimble at his weapon, that if five or eight Musketiers standing five steps of ground from him, discharging at him, he would catch all their bullets generally upon his Rapiers point. That was very strange, and in my iudgement beyond beleefe (quoth the Barber,) imagining it to be a notable lye, bethought with himselfe how to requite his tale, the Barber said, Sir, wee haue beldw in this street a Church, which being out of repaire, they had a ladder containing fifty two Rounds set against the steeple, and a labouring man going up the said ladder, did let at every step going up, one fart, and two at every Round comming downe. The Souldier hearing the Barber thus flout him, rapt out a great oath, saying, Thou beastly knaue, dost thou compare Martiall feates of warre to your base horse trickes, and runnes out of the shop with his beard halfe trimmed and halfe untrimmed into the streets, in a great furie, in so much that all the people laughed at the Souldier to see him come out of the shop so disguised.

A tale of the reuenge of a Scould.

A Mad fellow newly married, had onely one young childe by his wife, of some quarter old, whom he dearly and tenderly loued, but he was much giuen to good-fellowship, and she altogether addicted to sparing and good huswifery: still he vsed to come merry home from the Tauerne from his boone compa-

nions,

nions, to her great griefe, she being as sparing of her purse, as prodigall of her tongue (for she was little better then a Scould) would oft vpbraid him with his expences of money, and time, and to be so often drunke was preiudiciall both to his estate and bodily health; and that it were farre better to spend that at home in his house, then in a Tauerne: with such Matron like speeches, alwaies concluding her exhortations with a vow, that if euer he came home againe in the like pickle, she would (happen what would come) fling the childe into the moat, (for the house was moated round.) It happened shortly after that he reuelling tillitate in a cold frosty winter euening, shee hauing intelligence by her scouts where he was, made no doubt hee would come home flustred, she commands the infant to be conuaid to the farther part of the house, and to wrap the Cat in the blankets, put it in the Cradle, and there sit and rocke it. Presently comes her husband, shs falls to her old lesson of quarrelling with him, and he with her, ill words begot worse, much leiud language past betwixt them. The woman suddenly steps to the Cradle (hauing spide her aduantage) I haue long threatned thee a mischiefe, and that reuenge I cannot worke on thee (come dogges, come deuils) I will inflict on thy brat in the Cradle, instantly snatching it vp in her armes, and ran with it to the moat side, and flings it into the middle of the water: the poore man much affrighted, leanes to pursue her, and leapes into the water vp in mud and water to the very chin, crying, Saue, oh saue the childe: now waded he in the moat in a very bitter cold frost, till he brought out the mantle, and with much paine and danger comes to the shore, and still crying alas my poore childe, opened the cloathes; at length the frighted Cat cryed Mew, and being at liberty leapt from betwixt his arms, and ran away. The husband both amazed and vexed, the woman heartily laughed at her reuenge, and the poore man was glad to reconcile the difference, before shee would either giue him fire or dry linnen.

The

Mother Bunches Merriments.

The Fooles tricke to fatten the Popes horſe.

I Haue heard it repoꝛted, that the Pope had a hoꝛſe, who foꝛ many excellent qualities was by him very highly eſteemed, in ſo much that he made good the old pꝛouerbe, Too free to bee fat; foꝛ let his Gꝛoomes vſe the vtmoſt of their skill, yet would he not be fat; of which the Pope complaining daily to his Cardinals, Pꝛieſts, and Gentlemen, in a great fury thꝛeatned his Gꝛoomes to turne them away, if they could not finde a means to fatten this hoꝛſe. Way it pleaſe your Holineſſe (quoth his Foole oꝛ Jeſter ſtanding amongſt the reſt) I will teach you how to fatten him quickly. Let me heare thou foole (quoth the Pope) it is good ſometimes to heare a foole ſpeake, foꝛ a Fooles bonit is ſoone ſhot. Way it then pleaſe your Holineſſe (quoth the Jeſter) make him a Cardinall, foꝛ ſo long as they are infeꝛiоꝛ men, they looke thin and leane; but once Cardinall, and euer after as fat as fooles.

A pretty tale of two Friers.

A Knight that had ſerued in the warres in France in the time of Henry 5. and now retiring to line in his owne Country, had to wife a vertuous and faire Lady, and hauing abundance of liuing thought of ſome pious woꝛke foꝛ his ſoules health, thereupon built a faire Church, ioyning to his houſe a Monaſtery foꝛ twelue Friers and an Abbot, with meanes acoꝛdingly. In this Conuent were two Fryers, Frier Iohn, and Frier Richard, theſe were ſtill at enmity, and could not be reconciled. It was the cuſtome of the Knight and his faire Lady to riſe to mooning Mattens, her affability and curteſie bꝛed in Frier Iohn a ſtrange vnciuill bouldneſſe, and ſtill with duckes and cringes would attend her comming foꝛth, and ſhe with modeſty returned thankes (nothing ſuſpecting) which ſo incouraged him that he wꝛit a letter vnto her, ſetting downe a great deale of vnneceſſarie loue, which ſhe admiring ſhewes her husband, who pꝛeſently cauſed an anſwer to be wꝛit, and her name

set to it, which did appoint Fryer Iohn the next night to meet her in such a chamber, about midnight: which being sent, Frier Iohn reades with exceeding ioy, and prepares against the time: the time now come, away to the Chamber goes Fryer Iohn, where the Knight and his man meets him, and strangleth him. The deed being done the Knight begins to thinke of the foulnesse and hainousnesse of the fact by him and his man committed, presently casts about what to be done with the body. At last he resolues to carry him vnto the Friery, which was (as I said before) at the end ioyning to his house. Vp his man gets the Fryer, and by a ladder conuaies him downe into the Monastery, and sets him vpright on the house of office. Now Fryer Richard was troubled with a great cold, which all the house tooke notice of, by reason of his often going to the stoole: and so comming by moone light (for so it then was) to the priuy, drawing neere, spyes one there before him, which hee perceiued to be his old aduersary Fryer Iohn. Fryer Richard being in haste, calls him away, but he would not stir, he growing angry, tooke vp a brickbat, throwes it at Frier Iohn, hits him on the breast, downe fals Fryer Iohn all along, not speaking a word, then steps frier Richard to helpe him vp, and finding him starke dead, supposing he had kild him, what shall he now doe, the gates are fast lockt, fly he cannot; presently remembring the whispering of Fryer Iohns loue to the Lady, and espying a ladder, caries the body into the porch of the Knights hall. While this was doing, the Knights conscience much perplext, calls his man to see if none were vp about the house: his man going downe into the hall, findes in the porch the body of Fryer Iohn returned, which presently he acquaints his master with, who almost astonished, resolues to try some other proiect: hee remembers an old stallion that had beene a horse of seruice, now standing in his stable, and withall of old rusty armour hanging in his Armory, commands both instantly to be brought, with a case of old Pistols, and a Lance: the horse is sadled and caparisond, the armour put vpon the Fryer, and he fast bound to the seat, the Lance tyed to his wrest, his headpeece clasped on, and his beauer vp, the shirts of his gray gowne serued for Bases: thus being compleatly armed,

med, they purpose to turne him out without either a Page or a Squire to attend him. Whilst these things were thus sitting, Fryer Richard in the Monastery no lesse perplext in mind then the Knight, dreading the strictnesse of the Law, casting all his wits about, thinkes it the safest way to be gone: knowing the Miller neere hand to haue a mare, and being himselfe fat of body, thought better trust to foure legs then two, got vpon the mare, and at breake of day out at the gate goes he. Just at the same time when the Knight set forth the knight arrant, the horse scents the mare, and after her gallops: Fryer Richard looking backe, amazed to see an armed Knight pursue him; for he might partly discerne his face by the Moone, away flyes hee through the streets, after him (or rather after the mare) speeds the horse. With the noise the people are wakened out of their sleepes, and looke out of their windowes: it was Fryer Richards ill hap to ride into Turne-againe Lane, that had no passage through, there Fryer Iohn ouertakes him, and the horse mounts vpon the mare, and with his violent motion the rusty armour makes a terrible noise, Fryer Richards guilty conscience cryes out guilty, guilty of the murder; at which words of murder the people being amazed runne out of their beds into the streets, they apprehend miracles, and he confessed wonders, but withall the barbarous fact of murdering one of his owne Conuent. The grudge betweene them is known, Fryer Iohn is dismounted and sent vnto his graue, Fryer Richard to prison, he araigned, and by his owne confession condemned. But before the execution, the Knight knowing his owne guilty conscience, posts presently to the King, makes his owne voluntary confession, hath his life and goods (for his former good seruice) pardoned him, Frier Richard is released, and the accident still remaines vpon Record.

The finding of a Cuckold, and the frighting the Deuill.

THere was a time when a great disputation was held in hell what this thing Cuckold should be, since all sorts of people whatsoeuer examined by Lucifer & his three infernall Iudges, denied themselues to be the same. It was therefore agréed amongst them to send one of the most ingenious deuils, by surueying the earth to finde this strange and vncouth creature, and if it were possible to bring him thither aliue. With this Commission away goes the deuill vpon the earth, and shewes himselfe in the forme of a Gallant, thrusts himself into the society of all sorts of people: the Countriman knowes not what it meanes, the Citizen denies himselfe to be the man, the Souldier with oathes outfaces the name, the Lawyer will arrest him vpon an action of slander that sayes hee is the man; the Courtier by no meanes will endure to be the man: in so much that the poore deuill was ready to depart to his house of darknesse: being meditating of his ill successe, at last fell into an Ordinary, where a Citizen being at Dice with a company of Gentlemen, hauing wonne all their money, and not willing to lend it them againe, one of them in great rage cald him Cuckold, at which word the Deuill grew ioyfull, hauing found the man so much desired, and said with himselfe, this is my purchase, and shall be my prize, and bought a great bag to put him in to purchase it. To cut off circumstances, he desires to walke with him a turne or two in the fields, where drawing him into an vncouth place, he appeares vnto him in an vgly hairy shape, and tells him from whence he came, and to what purpose, therefore wished him quietly to creepe into his bag: the man amazed began to struggle with the Deuill, who laid violent hands vpon him. It happened that neare vnto this place a poore man was digging of grauell, there lay by the edge of the pit a lusty Mastine dog (which had béene a Beare dog,) séeing the Fiend and the man contend, thought (it séemes) the Fiend had béene a beast of the game, vp skips the dog to take the Deuill by the throat,

throat, who presently lets goe hold to secure himselfe, and away flyes he into a wood not farre off: the Citizen thus escaped, being willing to make much of his preseruer, goes to the man, buyes the Dog, and both of them put him into the bag that the Deuill for haste had left behinde, thinkes now to put a tricke vpon his aduersary, imagining hee would come againe by and by: which as soone as they had tyed the mouth of the sack fast, stept aside, the deuill peepes forth of the wood, seeing the coast cleare, comes to the place, taking his sacke, and gently feeling something stir, imagined it to be the man, throwes it with all ioy vpon his necke, and downe sinkes he to Don Phuroes court, where no sooner come, but his returne was rumored in Hell, a synod called, where Lucifer seated himselfe in his wonted state, with all his Iudges, Princes, and officers about him in expectation of this obiect so much desired, presently summons are made and the messenger appeares before them with his bag at his backe, or rather on his necke, and commanded to discouer this strange sight: the sacke vntide, out flyes the dog among them, who seeing so many vgly creatures, thought he had beene among the Beares in Paris Garden; but spying Lucifer to bee the greatest and most ill-fauoured amongst them, first leaps at him, then at the rest, which soeuer stood next him, away flyes the deuils, euery one shifts for himselfe, the Sessions are dissolued, the bench and bale docke cleared, that euer since that time the very name of a Cuckold hath beene so terrible vnto them, that they had rather entertaine into their sad dominions twenty of their wiues, then any that so much as hath the name or character of a Cuckold.

How the Welchman stole a Bull.

There was a Welchman that wanting money, and not knowing how to come honestly by it, going through a pasture, there stood in his way a Bull with a cut taile, it came into his minde that he had better drive that Bull to the Faire, (for there was a beast Fayre but five miles off) and there to make money of him, then to play the Theefe and Beagle. But one thing troubled him much, which was, lest the owner should pursue him, and then he might hap to looke through a hempen window; therefore hee procured a beasts taile, and very cunningly fastned it to the Bull, so that he had a very faire taile: so to the Fayre he drives him, and takes up his place upon the Riuers banke. But the market proued so slow, that the owner came before he had sold him, and viewing the Bull well, said to a neighbour of his, Had this Bull a cut taile I would sweare it was my Bull: which the Welchman hearing, said to him, Sir, will you sweare this is your Bull? Sure said the owner, if he had a cut taile I should sweare it. I will try that, quoth the Welchman, and presently he steps to the Bull, and with his sword cuts off his taile about the place where he had fastened the false taile, and so throwes it into the riuer, saying, Now sir will you sweare it is your Bull? The man seeing the Bull bleed extreamly, was afraid, and away he went, leaning the Welchman to make the best he could of his Bull.

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